

POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

THE PRIMA DONNA IN HIGH LIFE
She Does Wonders for Charity in Havana

HAVANA, Oct. 25.—I wrote you some time ago about the brilliant trip to Havana and back by a young "prima donna" in high life, supported by a capital company of amateur performers recruited from the best society of Havana in the opera of *La Sonnambula*, and as a private social entertainment to a dense packed crowd of the "high society" of Havana, by the literary and artistic society of the city. It was mentioned that this undertaking, started by the musical wife of the late Captain-General, Pronderegast, had its origin in a motive of charity, for the benefit of the orphan asylum which a public performance was afterwards to give to the city. I thought that you would have based upon the known merits of the extended performers, hitherto known only in private. This design has now been carried into effect with an astonishing result. The opera was repeated by the same line of performers, and by the same friends, including the Tacón, one of the largest opera houses in the world, and, in the course of the tour, the company visited all the theatres of Matanzas, both of which were crowded to their utmost capacity, though the lowest prices were charged. The first performance was between thirteen and fourteen thousand dollars, and the second, which was the last, a magnificent triumph was no less splendid than had been expected. The company was composed of a superb band. All Havana seemed to go again to view our *Margaritas*. On the following day, the company, which was to have proceeded by rail to Matanzas as the first of a series of public performances, was delayed by the bad weather, and did not start until the following evening. Sunday, you know, is a day of rest for our people, and the people of Matanzas, Protestant Puritanism notwithstanding, have objected to a performance on a Sunday. The company, however, was a conqueror. For days before not a seat had

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A Native Wedding in Java.
From the London Daily News.

The following is from a private letter just received from Java: The village through which we were to go, was a beautiful one, and flowers hung from the trees and the avenue leading off to the right was a most beautiful one. We were whirled down this avenue, and found ourselves in an immense courtyard surrounded by a high wall, and a large gate opened for them. The carriage stopped, and a very dirty but well-dressed man, wearing a turban and holding out to the ladies a small white cloth, beckoned us to follow him. We were taken to a raised place, covered over, in the middle of a square, and opposite to his own house, for the village was built on a hill. We were seated in the village. On this dusk were a sofa, chairs, and a table, and a large plate in front of us. In front of us, we were presented with two, brandy, and the inevitable gin and bitter. The native chiefs talked away in Malay, of which we knew not a word. The court was gradually filled with guests, and a large, ornate, national musical instrument, was kept going in a noisy manner.

At last, the ceremony of waiting, a provision laid in, consisting of many mountain wildfowls, was served up. We were asked to wait, painted over with yellow paste—a most hideous sight—and carrying immense loads of offerings of fruit and flowers, and finally we closed our eyes, followed by two enormous pastboard horses. They looked like logs. They were accompanied by an old blind woman decked out with flowers, and a young girl with her hair loose, the daughters of this old lady, the pride with which she threw her head back.

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